

**SEX SURFING FUN**

FOR ADULTS ONLY

\$11.95

# FRENCH KISS

CO

ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

#21

**100  
PAGES!**  
**52 IN FULL  
COLOR!**



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## Editorial

Back in the old days, a few years ago or less, before the rise of the Internet, most girls would look at you funny if you asked them to participate in a nude photo session. Even if you weren't talking about photos of fucking, but only posed shots, starting from them undressing in front of the lens with their legs closed, then spreading their thighs all the way, up to hardcore shots. But man, they would look at you funny. If the chick was shy or very religious, she would dismiss the proposition without a second thought. Those were the girls who went on to have fantasies about getting raped, the ones who wanted to be tied up, the ones who were most inclined to break out the sex toys. The horniest ones, we'll say. And if it wasn't one thing, it was another, although the photo session, in the end, always happened. You'd have to tell the highfalutin ones about their unusual beauty and say you wanted to photograph them in black and white. Because they were so dumb, they thought that was a sign of creativity or something. They'd think it was art and they'd say yes. These girls would up getting hardcore as well, but it took longer; you'd have to spend more time taking photos of their faces. Then there were the girls who wanted to be actresses, or the lusher, who would pull out their tits at the sight of a camera. But those girls never held much interest. Guys are like that...

The pictorials became part of a collection, more or less cute and more or less irregular, that you'd look at once in a while to remember aromas, tastes and personalities. And you might beat off to them sometimes, to that brunette with tiny tits who sucked you off in the hallways or to that other girl, the bottle blond, who wound up sticking a beer bottle in herself on the couch at your parents' house. Later, if you brought it up with a bitchy girlfriend, she might make you rip up that little bunch of memories, and beating off to them would be over. But that isn't what's going on with me; I'd never let that happen.

Today cameras are as so much a part of our daily lives we don't even notice them. Now you don't need a great lens for girls to get

naked; they don't need explanations any more. Surfing the web means accumulating dozens, hundreds of thousands of anonymous and amateur photos on your hard drive, and maybe because of that, because it's all so common and barely even clandestine, it's lost part of its charm.

What does that have to do with the comics in this issue? Nothing. Nothing at all. Comics have never had anything to do with reality; comics are always better than reality. Comics have always had their own animalistic power. The girls in the comics are all made up; you should know that. Have a look at this new edition of French Kiss...

### QUARTERLY ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

First edition: December 2007

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**Publisher:** Ediciones La Capula, S.L.  
**Editor:** JM Berenguer  
**International Rights:** Muestra Terrones  
**Contributing Writers:** Susi Glamour, Ruben Lardin, Spike Spiegel  
**Translators and Proofreaders:** Cynthia Wang, C. Cavall  
**Lettering:** C. Ruiz, Jordi Solé, Iria Bernadot  
**DL:** B-35865-2001  
**Printed in Spain by:** Ullrich  
**ISSN:** 1579-9298

FRENCH KISS COMIX is a trademark of Ediciones La Capula S.L.  
P.O. Box 971 E. Barriolana 08023, Spain  
Tel: (34) 93-268-2805 Fax: (34) 93-268-0765

[www.frenchkisscomix.com](http://www.frenchkisscomix.com)





# EXPOSITION

## "The Captain"





OH, MARTIN! WE FORGOT TO HANG THE PAINTING THAT GOT CLEANED! LET'S GO GET IT!



YOU'RE RIGHT! THE VARNISH MUST'VE DRIED BY NOW.

PLEASE HELP ME PUT THE FRAME ON.

YEAH, SURE.



WELL, IT LOOKS READY. WHAT DO YOU THINK?



IT TURNED OUT GREAT! WE'RE DONE!



WHAT? WE JUST GOT STARTED!

MARTIN... NO... THEY'RE WAITING FOR ME.



BUT... WE HAVE TO HANG THE PAINTING...



IT'S THAT...



AH...





YES,  
MARTIN!

**Chup! Ahh! Ahh!**

**Chom!  
Smak!  
Chom!**

**Lam!  
Lam!**

**Chup!  
Chom!  
Chup!**

**Lam! Lam!**

**Flop!  
Flap!  
Flop!**

**AHHH!**





Flop! Flap! Flop!

Ah!  
Ah!  
Ah!

Hund!

AHHH!

Flop!  
Flap!  
Flop!

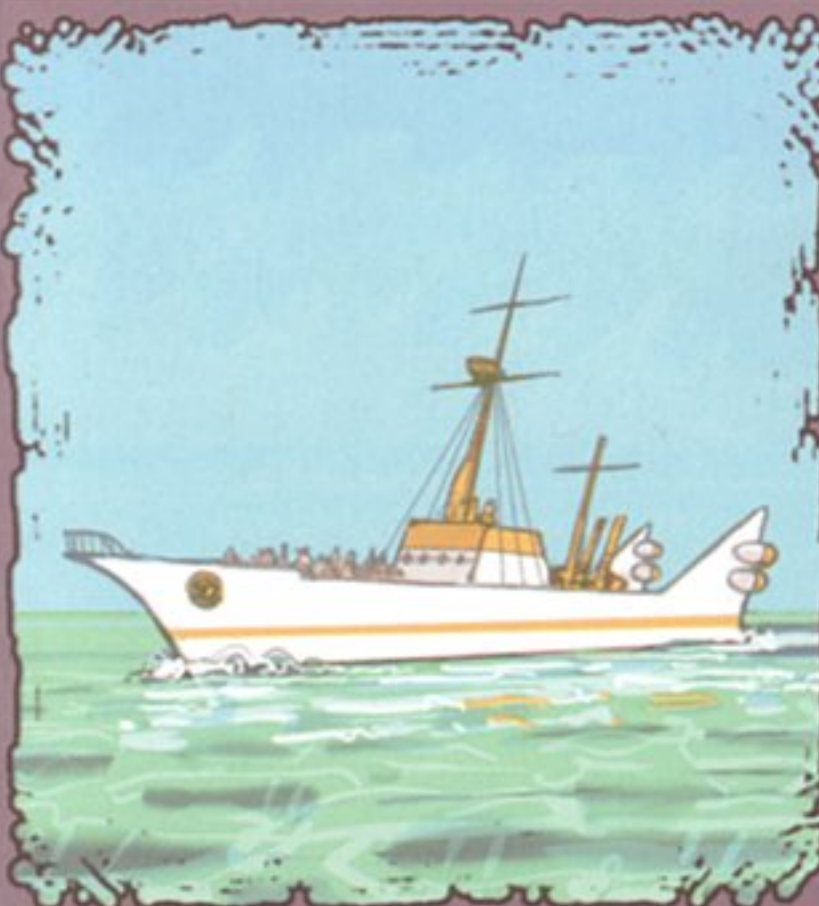
Flap!  
Flap!

Splosh!

Oh!

Mmmh!









THE END



## NINA HARTLEY

### A HOT HOMAGE TO THE LEGEND OF AMERICAN PORN



*"The scenes where I put on a strap-on and savagely fuck another girl get me really horny. They totally get me off."*

It's an inarguable fact: Nina Hartley is one of the biggest stars in the history of adult cinema. She's been in action since the mid-80s, she's made more than 100 XXX films, she's worked for masters like Gerard Damiano and Henri Pachard and she's shared a bed and sweat with superstars like Ginger Lynn, Traci Lords and John Holmes.

Openly bisexual, a defender and activist for freedom and sexual liberty, Nina continues in action and sets a good example for young starlets who want to find their niche in the hardcore business. With more than 45 years resting on her beautiful breasts and gorgeous, firm ass, the veteran Nina Hartley continues her round-the-world tour of strip shows. Make sure you catch her if she stops by your favorite club. You'll never regret it, for sure.

#### NINA CONFIDENTIAL

**Date and place of birth:** March 11, 1959, in Berkeley, California.

**Pseudonyms:** Anal Annie, Nina Hartman and Nina Hartwell.

**Lost her virginity:** A little late for a porn star, at eighteen years of age.

**Debut in XXX movies:** In a little 80s classic, *Educating Nina* (1984).

**Her favorite porn actors:** Marc Wallace, Herschell Savage, Valentino, Backey Jacyk and Buck Adams.

**Her favorite porn actresses:** Ashlyn Gere, Alice Springs, Jeanna Fine, Sunset Thomas and Selena Steele.

**Not very religious:** "Religion never had an effect on me. I'm agnostic, my parents are Buddhists, my little brothers are orthodox Jews and my older brother was a Scientist. That's too much!"

**California mon amour:** "I was born in California in the 60s. That was a paradise of partner-swapping, marijuana and free love."

#### NAKED AND VERY HAPPY

When Nina debuted, the porn industry was very different than it is today. The movies had fun plots, the actors knew how to act in addition to fucking and there wasn't such out of control production: they made fewer films, but they were a lot better. Plus, the sex wasn't as brutal and the girls enjoyed it more. And you can see that and much more in her first movies. And if you don't know those, here are some examples: *Play Me Again Vanessa* (1986), *Barbara the Barbarian* (1987) and *Ginger Snaps* (1987). Pure sex and fun.

#### PORN JUST ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

Well, friends, they don't make porn like that anymore. In the mid 80s, Nina had roles in XXX movies that are classics. From *The Grafenberg Spot* (1985) by the legendary Mitchell brothers, *Battle of the Stars* (1985)







to, of course, the brilliant *Ten Little Maidens* (1985). In them, this goddess of free love goes face to face with actors and actresses that made American porn great and deserve our highest respect. Please, write these in gold letters: Ginger Lynn, Harry Reems, Annette Haven, John Colmes, Traci Lords, Amber Lynn, Rick Savage, Christy Canyon, Peter North, Steve Drake, Mai Lin and Mike Horner... to cite just a few of those glorious names.

#### MOVIES TO GET YOU HOT

But this hot siren doesn't just live in the 80s. In the 90s she made many more gems of hardcore celluloid. From parodies such as *The Erotic Adventures of the Three Musketeers* (1992) or *The Backdoor Bradys* (1995) to the classy gonzo movies *Seymore Butts: In the Love Shack* (1992) and *Buttman's European Vacation 3* (1995)... or the prestigious *Showgirls en Madrid* (1996), directed by the Luis Buñuel of Spanish porn: José María Ponce.

**"I go crazy when I suck on a woman's pussy while a man has his cock in her. I love three-ways."**

#### A NURSE FOR EVERYONE

Nonetheless, Nina Hartley's best roles (or at least the sexiest) were those where she played a nurse uniformed in a short skirt and low neckline. Above all, after she got implants in 1989. Two examples: *Stripper Nurses* (1994) and *Night Nurses* (1996). Maybe those white uniforms fit her so well because in real life she was actually a nurse... or maybe it's because, as she herself says, "The scenes where I put on a strap-on and savagely fuck another girl get me really horny. They totally get me off." I think the boys love it even more... right, pals?

#### A RADIANT STAR

Nina is a collector of prizes. She's got more than Julia Roberts. Since 1987 she hasn't stopped taking them home. She won an *Adult Video News* award for *Ten Little Maidens*, and one from the X-Rated Critics Organization (1989), the European festival in Cannes, the Erotic Festival in Barcelona, and the most highly appreciated - the ones from the Fans of X-Rated Entertainment for several consecutive years. But her favorite reward, much more than the awards, was working under the direction of Paul Thomas Anderson in *Boogie Nights* (1997), that magnificent Hollywood movie that creates a portrait of the evolution of the porn industry in the 70s and 80s.

#### AIDS?... NO, THANKS

During these past few years, the lewd nymph from Berkeley has stood out for raising awareness about the dangers of AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases. Nina says: "Young Americans don't know anything about sex. To me it's really important to educate and destroy the stupid taboos that surround sexuality. I love condoms. You always have to use them. They get shy about it when they don't think about them as something natural, something that's part of the game of love. Using a condom is fundamental nowadays. It's essential to have a minimal amount of respect for the person you're making love with. Another good reason is that it slows down ejaculation.... And that's really good for the girls!"

#### SEX IS DEMOCRATIC!

Nina is right. And that's why she's made an example of it, producing, directing and presenting sexual education videos to teach people how to enjoy themselves safely. A few titles: *Group Sex 4: Bottoms Up*, *Guide to Double Penetration*, *Guide to Masturbation*, *Guide to Multiple Orgasms* and *Guide to Spanking*, all made in 2004. And that's why sex is, more than anything, a question of democracy. "I love oral sex while two people are fucking," Miss Hartley tells me while I blush. "I go crazy when I suck on a woman's pussy while a man has his cock in her. I enjoy lending a hand to those who enjoy themselves in bed. I love three-ways and I'm always ready for a couple's suggestions. If they want anal sex, I do it; if they want a good blowjob, I'll do that too. I'm a Good Samaritan of sex." Like I say: a leopard can't change its spots.

#### NINA XXX

Basic filmography of Nina Hartley. Caution: highly flammable material.

- 1984 *Educating Nina* (Juliet Anderson)
- 1985 *Xstasy* (Lawrence T. Cole)
- Shaved Bunnies* (Charles De Santos)



1986

*Sex Life of a Porn Star* (Bob Vosse)  
*Play Me Again Vanessa* (Tim McDonald)  
*Beyond Desire* (Tim McDonald)

1987

*Lady by Night* (Henri Pachard)  
*Ginger Snaps* (Raven Touchstone)

1991

*Manbait* (Gerard Damiano)  
1995  
*Pussyman 11: Prime Cuts* (David Christopher)  
*Sorority Sex Kittens 3* (Jim Holliday)

1997

*Anal Perversions of Lolita* (Joe D'Amato)

1998

*Asswoman in Wonderland* (Tiffany Mynx)

2000

*Extremely Yours, ass Woman* (Tom Byron)

2003

*Naked Hollywood 16: Brains or Beauty* (Toni English)

2005

*Bomb Ass White Booty 2* (Terry B.)  
*Jenna Loves Pain* (Ernest Greene)





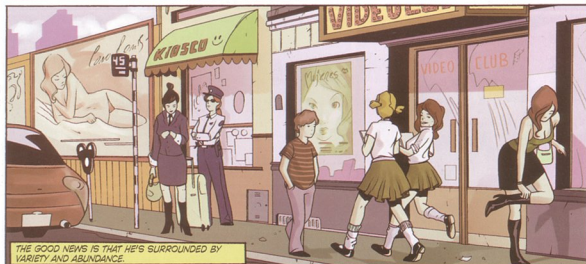
THE RULES OF GOOD TASTE AND DECORUM MAKE US START HERE.



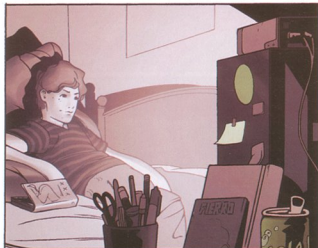
BUT ACTUALLY, THIS STORY BEGAN SOME YEARS AGO.



AND NOW, THE APPRENTICE KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS.



THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT HE'S SURROUNDED BY VARIETY AND ABUNDANCE.



THE BAD NEWS IS THAT SO MUCH ABUNDANCE AND VARIETY IS USELESS.



BETWEEN HIM AND WHAT HE WANTS THERE'S A TRANSPARENT MEMBRANE, IMPERMEABLE AND REAL.





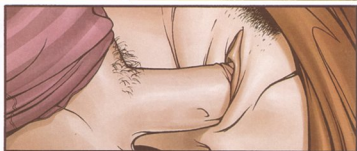
FINALLY THE DAY COMES. THE PRESSURE FROM HIS BUDDIES...



...AND THE FERMENTED HOPS...



...WORK THE MIRACLE OF LIFE



WELCOME, APPRENTICE, TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MEMBRANE!







NOBODY  
WILL BE HOME  
TONIGHT...

THE APPRENTICE COVERS UNKNOWN  
TERRITORY.



AROUND EVERY CURVE IN THE ROAD...

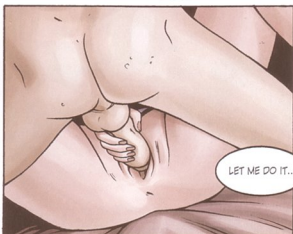


...THERE'S ANOTHER FASCINATING  
SURPRISE...



IT WON'T  
GO IN...

... AND A CHALLENGE TO OVERCOME



LET ME DO IT...

INEXPERIENCED AND CLUMSY, HE'S ONLY GOT ONE  
WEAPON:



HIS INSATIABLE DESIRE TO LEARN.



PRETTY FAST,  
WASN'T IT?

HE SOON FINDS OUT IT'S A DOUBLE-EDGED  
WEAPON.





HE BEGINS GAINING EXPERIENCE. SOMETIMES IT'S GREAT...



IT'S NOT YOU...

...OTHERS, NOT SO MUCH.



GETTING UP HIS COURAGE,



I'M... I DUNNO...  
CONFUSED...

HE KEEPS TRIPPING OVER THE SAME STONE.



Ahh!

AND... HE LEARNS.



IT'S NOT YOU,  
IT'S ME...  
I'M CONFUSED...





THE MORE THE APPRENTICE  
LEARNS...



...THE MORE ENORMOUS,  
TURBULENT AND  
INCOMPREHENSIBLE  
KNOWLEDGE SEEMS.



HEROIC, FAR FROM BEING  
OVERWHELMED...



...HE DIVES INTO THE EYE  
OF THE HURRICANE.



I'VE BEEN  
THINKING...



...I WANT US TO  
LIVE TOGETHER.





NOW THE APPRENTICE REALIZES THE IMPORTANCE OF DETAILS...



...AND OF GOOD PACING.



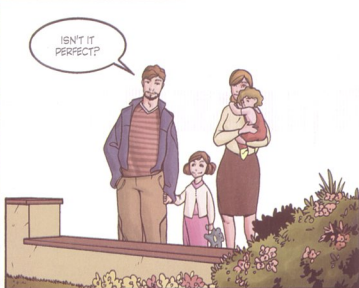
DEEPLY INVESTIGATING HIS PARTICULAR CASE...



HE ADVANCES AND GETS RESULTS!



NOW, NOTHING SCARES HIM, NOT EVEN THE BIGGEST DECISIONS







THE RELENTLESS PASSAGE OF TIME...



...DRAGS THE APPRENTICE TOWARD OTHER FIELDS OF KNOWLEDGE.



HOWEVER, HIS PARTICULAR CASE SEEMS PLAYED OUT.



OR IS HE THE ONE THAT'S PLAYED OUT?



ALL AT ONCE HE REALIZES HE KNOWS MORE THAN EVER...



THE END

...AND NOW HE WANTS TO LEARN OTHER THINGS.



# CONNECTED

THEY WERE BORN SIAMESE TWINS  
CONNECTED AT THE CLITORIS.  
WHEN THEY WERE SEPARATED,  
NOBODY FORESAW A TERRIBLE  
CONSEQUENCE.

ELSA,  
LOOK, TAKE A  
PHOTO!

DON'T BE STUPID.  
HERE COMES THE  
MONITOR!

REMEMBER  
WE'RE HERE  
FOR WORK!

SO, WHOEVER  
CAN GET A PHOTO OF AN  
ALBINO WOODCOCK WINS  
THE PRIZE.

REMEMBER THAT IT'S  
A SPECIES IN GRAVE DANGER  
OF EXTINCTION, SO BE  
VERY CAREFUL.

DO ANYTHING  
YOU HAVE TO, BUT  
GET THAT SHOT!

PREPARE  
YOUR DIGITAL  
CAMERAS AND  
GO FOR IT!

WHERE'RE  
YOU GOING?

I SAW ONE  
OF THOSE WOODCOCKS  
OVER BY THAT 9K1  
INSTRUCTOR...

I GOTTA TAKE  
A LOOK...

SOFIA, DON'T  
MAKE ME KILL  
YOU!

CHILL OUT...

TO BE MORE PRECISE,  
INSIDE HIS PANTS.





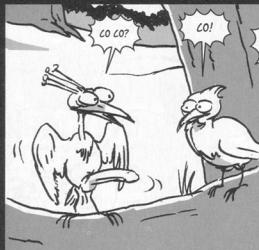








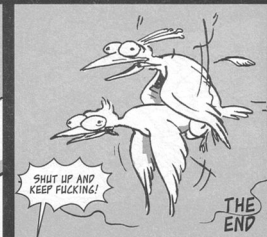








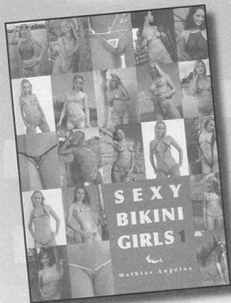
MINUTES LATER...





# Under the counter

Ruben Lardin



## BIKINI REVOLUTION

When, in 1946, Louis Réard presented his bathing suit made of four triangular pieces of newspaper printed with articles about the American nuclear tests in the Bikini atoll, I don't think he imagined the global nature of the esthetic revolution his creation would bring about. The French designer looked for a model willing to shed her clothing and at last hired a dancer, Micheline Bernardini, who used to perform nude in the Casino de Paris. The media grabbed hold of the story and things have never been the same since. It hasn't been as difficult for Mathias Angelov, a 64-year-old German photographer, to find models wanting to pose, but he did have a hard time finding sexy bikinis when, a few years ago, he was commissioned for a calendar about them. It was so difficult, in fact, that he took charge of the matter and made his own, erotically designed bikinis, provocative and minimal, that wound up becoming the Nixxe collection of bikinis and hot pants. This first volume of **SEXY BIKINI GIRLS** is sort of a catalog for that brand. A truly luxurious catalog. More than a hundred full-page photographs, where a ton of pretty, daring girls are dressed in criss-crossed straps, tiny scraps of cloth, transparent mesh, filmy stuff, and above all, pride in one's body. These bikinis, more than covering, accentuate, decorate, and celebrate. The best thing about Angelov's designs is that they negate nudity and shine as examples to the fact that a "clothed" body is always more enticing than a nude one. But Angelov's also a perv, and isn't about to lose sight of anything. The smallest fig leaf would be more chaste than any of the Nixxe bikinis, which although defending vulgarity and precisely because of that, are very far from the sterile Sports Illustrated bikini specials, for example. Fashion is a form of tyranny that in part dictates how bodies should be and ideals of beauty, a commercial thing that winds up changing bodies. As such, the best option is to reinvent it constantly, laugh at it, and bring it to our own turf. Because beauty is on the outside, it always has been. A fantastic book to treat yourself to in the summer-time and stay with forever.

**SEXY BIKINI GIRLS 1**  
Mathias Angelov  
Edition Reuss

39.90€ in import bookstores or at <http://www.editionreuss.de/>  
More information on the bikinis at: <http://www.nixxe.com>



## ELECTRIC DREAMS

**Flickdreams** doesn't keep any secrets: it's a metablog about selecting the most evocative, sexiest, naughtiest or serviceable photos among the thousands and thousands that are uploaded daily on Flickr, a platform with visitors from all over the world – professionals, amateur photographers and simple city dwellers with loose trigger fingers – who use it as an album to post the images they capture in their everyday lives. **Flickdreams** can't accommodate everything that appears on Flickr, of course, but it doesn't want to, either. What interests those running the blog is compiling Californian tits, shots of details with a certain artistic bent (that is, in black and white), and stereotypical bodies from the advertising canon. That's the primary idea, but something from left field always surfaces. The great thing about it isn't the photos posted on it, but instead, the direct links to the photos' original page, a Flickr page that could belong to a collector of everything they come across on the Internet or someone with exhibitionistic desires. From there on, navigating can run right off the tracks, but that's just what the Internet is, a bottomless pit where we always hope that the next click will uncover the door to a better, more beautiful and more exciting world. With God's good graces.

<http://www.flickdreams.com>

(continued on page 39)

frésh kino 21 **25**



# Brainstorming

A guy starts masturbating on a bed. In his mind, a continuous chain of images flash by, submerging him in his memories. Yeah, like the one of the woman he lived with for a while, who sucked his cock while she sat on the toilet, pissing or shitting, and he, standing there, with his eyes shut like now, pushed aside the cups of her bra and fondled her small, round nipples. His cock starts getting hard and his mind plays out the scene with a Venezuelan whore, a mulatto, lanky, with green eyes and a round ass, who he hired every fifteen days because, among other reasons, she would crawl around on all fours through the park while he put his tongue in her ass and squeezed her round, full tits, driving her crazy. His cock rises and two hookers, Dominicans this time, one white and the other black, erupt into his memory. After more than two years, he again sees how the black one takes a dildo out of her purse, briefly fingers the white one's pussy, and then eases the dildo in while the white girl slowly begins sucking his dick. In synch with the rhythm of the blow job, the dildo moves furiously inside her pussy, going in and coming out like a piston. The black girl greedily licks the white girl's ass cheeks and smacks them with the palm of her hand. The white girl moans while he holds her by the back of her neck and plunges his cock into her mouth. As his hand accelerates, his mind manipulates and twists the scene with a waitress who, one night, was determined to show him the book *Sex* by Madonna in a metaphoric sense that he misinterpreted, and with whom he had never, up to that moment, had sex. He thinks about her in the women's restroom at the bar, inviting her to do some speed and rubbing her ass while she snorts the line. He sees kissing her neck and earlobes. He sees her squeezing his cock in her pussy while he caresses her small breasts, sucking and nibbling her thin lips, and, masturbating on the bed at his house, his mind recreates the color and texture of her bra while she stocked the fridges at the bar. Then he substitutes this image for the one of the forty-something woman who, in the same bathroom of the same bar, invited him to do some coke and gave him a fast, mechanical blow job. Nothing exciting. Not then and not now, as he notices his cock getting soft and quickly changes to the scene with the Guinean girl, also a waitress, who, in bed at her house one far away night, put her finger, wrapped in a mint flavored condom in his ass while she juiced up his cock with saliva and jerked him off; then later, with that same finger, pointed to her shaved pussy, demanding that he eat it. And him there, rolling his tongue around

inside her, mixing her juices with his saliva... he could almost smell her when he felt his cock spurting. He lay still, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling of the room. He let himself drift away for a few moments by the exciting absence of thoughts before taking up the task again, at slow intervals, running his finger up and down his cock, in no hurry, while another image from the past crept into his mind: the bouncy breasts and pale little nipples of a woman he met at an after party and wound up seeing again in the bed of that apartment in that bedroom town. His hand massaging her pussy. Her thick lips, in red lipstick, kissing the head of his dick. Then, inside her mouth, with her round, long tongue running up and down it while she massaged her tits and pulled on her nipples, and cupped his balls, wrapping her hand around them, caressing them, kissing them. After that, she licked his asshole, a dark, sticky kiss with a violent tongue. He feels the veins in his cock swell as he sees her lying there, with her elbows on the bed, her face against the pillow, and her ass pointed up toward him. And him behind, guiding his cock to the opening of her pussy, entering easily, pushing into that round, dripping, hot hole that absorbed him, and fucking it hard. From the same depths, he pulled out the fetishistic scene with the androgynous girl. Her body tattooed with nihilistic quotes: *Society enslaves us. There is no future. Hate is beauty. Fuck me although you disgust me.* He sees her handcuffed to the rails of her bed, sees how with each thrust her hands tremble and her face contracts. She whips crack and forth. Her body is a thrashing mass. She grunts with excitement. She tightens her ass and her pussy shakes, throbs, melts around his cock. She wraps her thighs around his waist and two intense, electric orgasms take her. She screams, she bites him... And he's about to come. The last flashback in this all-you-can-eat sex bar: the scene from *The Hour of Shadows* where Peter Weller's with two Asian prostitutes smoking opium. He tries to imagine them in his bed at this exact moment, but his thoughts scatter. They dissolve in his enormous miscellany of pornography, and then pile up, one image after another, until they melt like a big splash of mercury. He comes in waves of fantasy and everything disappears while a shiver brings him back to his solitude. The emptiness lives in his mind and embalms his memory. He only notices a cold place in his bed.

Then he closes his eyes, which he finds is easier than thinking about how the woman he really likes is fucking someone else tonight.



**THE FIANCÉE AND THE THIEF**

STORY AND DRAWINGS BY JEFFREY L. BROWN

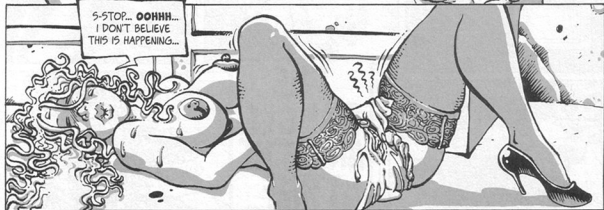
LOOK AT ME. LOOK AT MY BODY.

BUT...SUSAN! ARE YOU CRAZY? ARE YOU WHAT YOU WANT?

FOR YOU TO MASTURBATE.

BUT...SUSAN!  
ARE YOU CRAZY?  
WHAT DO YOU  
WANT?













**UUHH!**  
WHAT A  
COCK! MMMH...  
DON'T STOP!  
HARDER!



**OOHH....!**  
YEAH BABY,  
AAHHH!

**GO ON, OOHHH!**  
DON'T STOP,  
ASSHOLE! FUCK  
ME TILL I BREAK!  
**UUHH! OOHHH!**



**COME ON,  
MOVE!  
YEEAAH!**

**OOHH!**

**GOOD,  
SUSAN, KEEP  
ON. THAT'S  
IT!**



**COME ON,  
BASTARD!  
FASTER! I  
WANNA COME!  
AAAAHH?!**



**AAAAH!**  
YES! ALL THE  
WAY!









## THE FIANCÉE AND THE THIEF

STORY:  
RAKEL



DRAWINGS:  
SERGIO







OKAY, LET'S  
SPLIT UP! WE  
DON'T HAVE  
ALL THE  
TIME IN THE  
WORLD!

THIS  
IS SO  
EXCITING!



YOU STAY  
HERE. I'LL  
GO DOWN-  
STAIRS.

OK!  
COOL...

AND DON'T  
MAKE ANY  
NOI...



!?



★PAF★  
CRASH  
THUMB!



UHH...M-  
MILDRED?  
DARLING. I-  
IS THAT YOU?

SHIT, I  
GOTTA  
ACT  
FAST!



CLIK!  
DARLING?  
WHY'D YOU  
TURN THE  
LIGHT OFF?

SSHH...







MMHH??  
JAMES?

OOHH!  
JAMES, HONEY!  
YOUR TONGUE,  
OHH, YESS, BABY...  
UUUHHH...



JAAAMESS,  
YOU NEVER DO  
THAT TO ME...  
OOOH.



UHH,  
BASTARD, YOU  
MADE ME SO HOT!  
COME ON, FROM  
BEHIND!



EAT  
IT!!



AAH.

AAHH.

AAHH,  
YESS!! GIVE  
IT ALL TO  
ME!!

MAKE ME COME,  
YESS!! BASTARD,  
OOOHH!! JAMES,  
BAAAABY...







# Under the counter

(continued from page 25)



## BIZZARE ADVENTURES

Fred Berger (1957) got into photography at an early age, through the world of haute couture that his mother frequented as a model. He spent his childhood traveling the world and immersing himself in other cultures, developing a keen eye. But he also found the time and determination to graduate in political science and journalism from the University of New York. His big break came in 1982 when he created *Propaganda*, a magazine devoted to the underground, which today is remembered worldwide as "the counterculture Vogue." Since the end of its publication in 2002, Berger has dedicated all his time to erotic styling and fetish photography. His work has enriched the pages of popular titles such as *Lul*, and cult ones such as *Marquis* and *SM Sniper*. Today he is a revered name in both worlds. *Pulp Fetish*, far from an anthology or catalog, is a book with very specific intentions that cites John Willie, The Bettie Page of Irving Klaw, and the whole tradition of pin-ups inhabiting calendars and cheap comic books, and providing warm food for thought. All of it very ingenious in form but very perverse at heart. With a campy look and omnipresent sense of humor, Berger sets the scene with the eroticism of uniforms and the light comedy of domination. Whips in the ass, military paraphernalia, riding crops, high boots, police, pirates, cowboys and Indians, Japanese girls in trouble and lots of class-related flotsam and jetsam. Clothbound and published by Goliath books, it's almost 180 pages of infantile joy and healthy eroticism.

**PULP FETISH**  
Fred Berger  
Goliath Books

29.90€ at import bookstores or at [www.goliathbooks.com](http://www.goliathbooks.com)

## NEITHER YouTube NOR YouTube

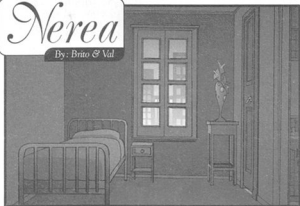
YouTube and similar sites are one of the most important revolutions occurring on the so-called Web 2.0. Now, with the television we've known all our lives rendered an obsolete format, everyone's choosing the garbage they want to swallow and you can even, get this, opt for quality content. The only problem is that the business of authors' rights complicates the possibility of seeing certain content, although everything is going along fine and active web surfers do their own thing. This subject will soon resolve itself. What will never change is the self-imposed censorship, that holds open pornography at bay and puts it where it's always been and always should be: on the fringe. Yuvutu is one of those fringe efforts, a distribution service of small-format videos, identical to YouTube but specialized in homemade videos for adults. It's the same: you search, you click and you watch. And there's no registering for a free account to upload your own videos. There's a filter for the user to choose a preference for soft, hardcore or "extreme" material, and different channels that differentiate between hetero, gay or lesbian. It allows comments, offers chat, a forum and different search categories. The usual. There are some who upload their favorite videos, without saying whether they're their own productions or cribbed from whatever web site is around, but the system of "etiquette" allows you to find as much authentic amateur material as you want. I don't know how many videos go up on the site every day, but I can say that among the sites similar to Yuvutu we've seen up to now, this is the most effective and the best source of satisfying content for a jerk-off. Go right to the favorites.

<http://www.yuvutu.com>



# Nerea

By: Brato & Val



IT'S STARTING...

















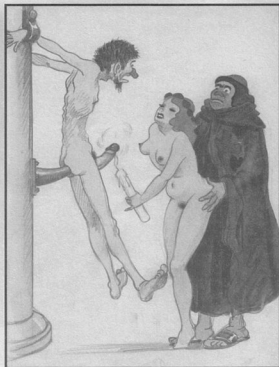


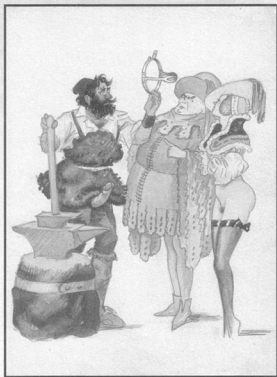
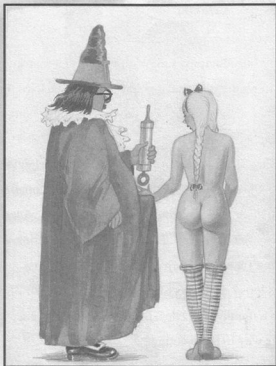
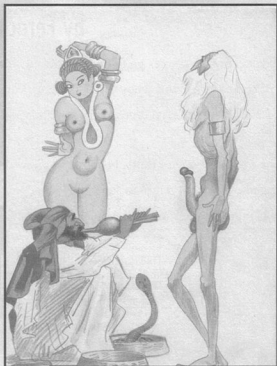
# The erotic art of... Gigi Amaldi (VI)

An immigrant of Italian origin, **Amaldi** traveled over the regions of Argentina offering to depict the portraits of all those who could afford them. Of course, the illustrations of the important people in those small villages were not done merely to keep him fed. What really fascinated our artist was this collection, which he baptized *The True History of Humanity*. The title alone manifests the artist's biting sense of humor, since even then he knew that sex is one of the main motors of our civilization and all those that have gone before it. This said, in silent homage, we take off our hat once again to his masterly brush....









# Contacts

by Ferocius

Happy Introductions Ltd. is (apparently) a matrimonial agency where singles go to find their ideal mate. But, in reality, this facade hides a dirty business: the *ideal companions* the agency offers those seeking romance are actually prostitutes and gigolos, who, after satisfying the sexual urges of the clients, vanish without a trace.

Clarence Rain is one of those gigolos. In the beginning he even flirted with Betty, his boss; but now that things have cooled down he finds himself trapped in her game and can't return to Jane Sedwick, one of the clients he seems to have fallen in love with. Betty is inflexible and in our last episode she sends him out to attend to a new victim: Railane, a rich young woman looking for someone from her same social class, regardless of his looks. Rain has to pass himself off as a millionaire (with a rented Mercedes), and right at this moment, he's on his way to the meeting....





THE UNSATISFIED CLIENT ARRIVES FIRST WITH THE STORY...

YES, MR. RAIN IS NOT SUITABLE FOR MARRIAGE.

HOW STRANGE!

LATER...

WHAT HAPPENED?  
WERE YOU TIRED? DIDN'T  
YOU LIKE THE WOMAN'S  
PERFUME?

THE TRUTH IS, I'M SICK BETTY.  
I HAVE A PROBLEM WITH MY  
TESTICLES. I'M NO GOOD  
FOR THIS JOB ANYMORE.  
YOU UNDERSTAND?

DON'T BE  
SILLY!

COME ON,  
TAKE A VACATION!  
YOU DESERVE IT.  
SOON YOU'LL BE  
YOUR OLD SELF  
AGAIN.

IN RAILANE'S  
HOUSE...

CRAZY LUST TAKES OVER!



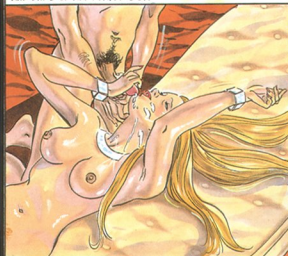




RAILANE HAS ANOTHER INCREDIBLE ORGASM.



AND ENDS UP ALL PLAYED OUT.

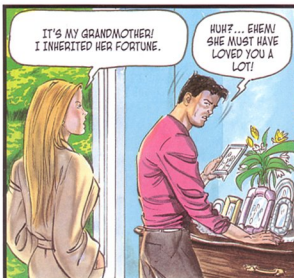


CLARENCE IS INTERESTED IN EVERYTHING ABOUT RAILANE,  
SO HE STARTS CHECKING AROUND...



SHE HAPPILY RECEIVES A CUM SHOWER...





IT'S MY GRANDMOTHER!  
I INHERITED HER FORTUNE.

HUH?... EHEH!  
SHE MUST HAVE  
LOVED YOU A  
LOT!

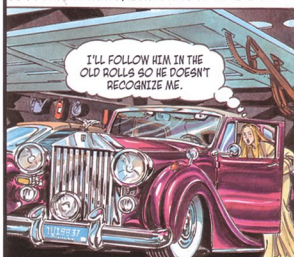


LATER...

SORRY,  
DARLING, BUT I HAVE TO  
GET BACK. BUSINESS  
OBLIGATIONS.

SO LATE?  
WELL, OK. I'LL  
MISS YOU.

AS SOON AS HE LEAVES, RAILANE RUNS TO THE GARAGE...



I'LL FOLLOW HIM IN THE  
OLD ROLLS SO HE DOESN'T  
RECOGNIZE ME.



HE'S SO  
MYSTERIOUS...!



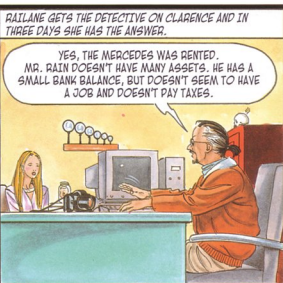
IF I DON'T GET THE  
MERCEDES BACK BY  
7 P.M., I'LL HAVE TO PAY A  
WHOLE OTHER DAY.



HOLY SHIT! HIS CAR IS  
RENTED? MAYBE HE'S JUST  
AN IMPOSTER.



I KNOW A PRIVATE DETECTIVE.  
I'LL HAVE HIM CHECK RAIN OUT.  
I'LL PAY IN ADVANCE.



RAILANE GETS THE DETECTIVE ON CLARENCE AND IN  
THREE DAYS SHE HAS THE ANSWER.

YES, THE MERCEDES WAS RENTED.  
MR. RAIN DOESN'T HAVE MANY ASSETS. HE HAS A  
SMALL BANK BALANCE, BUT DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE  
A JOB AND DOESN'T PAY TAXES.

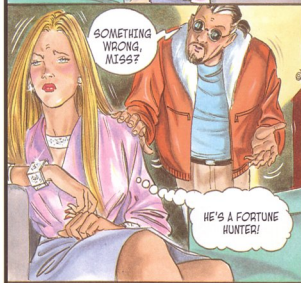


I FOUND OUT ONE FUNNY  
THING. UP TO A YEAR AGO HE  
WAS AN INTERNATIONALLY  
FAMOUS EROTIC COMICS  
ILLUSTRATOR.

EROTIC  
COMICS?

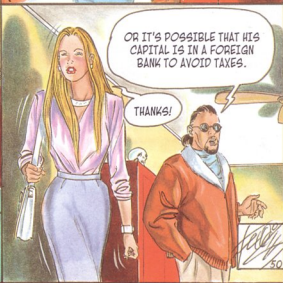


YES, AND HE'S THE GRANDSON OF JIM BOW,  
ONE OF THE OLD GLORIES OF ROMANTIC  
COMICS. MAYBE HIS FAMILY IS RICH AND HE'LL  
INHERIT A FORTUNE IN THE FUTURE.



SOMETHING  
WRONG,  
MISS?

HE'S A FORTUNE  
HUNTER!



OR IT'S POSSIBLE THAT HIS  
CAPITAL IS IN A FOREIGN  
BANK TO AVOID TAXES.

THANKS!



LATER, IN HAPPY INTRODUCTIONS, INC....

I ASK YOU FOR A MILLIONAIRE AND YOU INTRODUCE ME TO A GOLD DIGGER, AND TO TOP IT OFF YOU CHARGE A FORTUNE. WHAT IS THIS, SOME KIND OF SCAM?



NOW, CALM DOWN MISS RAILANE! MR. RAIN SEEMS TO HAVE FOOLED US ALL WITH FALSE DOCUMENTATION. I'LL RETURN YOUR MONEY AND WE'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT IT, ALRIGHT?



LATER...

YOU FUCKIN' CON ARTIST! YOU WERE SEEING THAT RICH BITCH ON THE SLY!



DO YOU WANT ME TO CASH THAT 200-THOUSAND-DOLLAR CHECK?

WAIT, LET ME EXPLAIN!



THERE'S NOTHING TO EXPLAIN. YOU'RE IN MY HANDS AND YOU HAVE TO DO WHAT I SAY, UNDERSTAND?!



HA! I WAS GONNA GET HER TO FALL IN LOVE WITH ME AND THEN TELL HER: "OH, I'M SORRY, I LOST EVERYTHING IN A BAD DEAL. WILL YOU STILL MARRY ME?" IDIOT!!



THE NEXT DAY...  
BACK TO WORK!!

HERE, THIS IS  
PROSTAGLANDIN SPRAY IN CASE  
YOU CAN'T GET IT UP. I'LL TAKE IT  
OUT OF YOUR PERCENTAGE,  
IT'S REALLY EXPENSIVE.

YOU WERE A COMICS  
ILLUSTRATOR RIGHT? WELL, THIS CHICK  
IS INTO ART AND YOU MUST KNOW  
SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

LATER...

TAKE HER TO THE FRANK  
STELLA EXHIBITION. THIS IS THE  
REVIEW FROM THE NEW YORK  
TIMES. MEMORIZE IT AND ACT  
LIKE YOU HAVE SOME CULTURE,  
EVEN IF IT'S ONLY FOR A DAY,  
UNDERSTAND?

WHAT I LIKE ABOUT STELLA IS THE  
GEOMETRIC QUALITY OF HIS WORKS, AND  
HIS THICK, PASTY TECHNIQUE. THERE'S  
SOMETHING OF JASPER JOHNS IN IT,  
DON'T YOU THINK?

I'M  
ASTONDED!  
THIS IS  
MY MAN!

"I KNEW IT FROM THE  
FIRST MOMENT I  
SAW YOU"

ME TOO!

FUCK! I HAVE  
TO FIND  
SOME NEW  
LINES.

THE ATMOSPHERE IN THE ROOM STARTS TO HEAT UP AND  
CLARENCE SEEMS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN RAILANE.

UUHH! I THINK  
I WON'T NEED  
THE SPRAY.







THIS GUY COMES ON LIKE A PROFESSIONAL, BUT THE AGENCY IS SUPPOSED TO BE RELIABLE.



THIS JOB IS LIKE WORKING IN PORN MOVIES: A STRANGE WOMAN, FUCKING, OVERACTING, AND THEN THE PAY-OFF.

WOW! THIS GUY SURE KNOWS HOW TO LICK PUSSY!



THERE MUST BE SOME REASON WHY THIS ATTRACTIVE CHICK IS DOING THIS.

I WISH THAT FUCKING BASTARD COULD SEE ME CHEATING ON HIM!



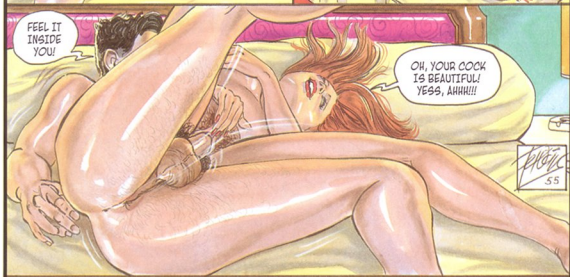
I LIKE THIS GUY. HE HAS A BIG FAT COCK.

WELL, RAILANE IS A RICH CHICK WHO WANTS TO MARRY A RICH GUY FAST. BUT WHY THROUGH AN AGENCY?



UHH! SHE'S REALLY GOOD. KNOWS HOW TO SUCK COCK AND WORK MY BALLS....JUST LIKE A PROFESSIONAL...



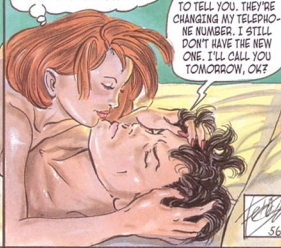




MMPF. OH, CLARENCE! THAT WAS THE WILDEST FUCK OF MY LIFE! WHAT A PERFECT CHOICE! I WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! GIVE ME YOUR NUMBER!



I'VE FOUND A HUSBAND.



AH! I WANTED TO TELL YOU. THEY'RE CHANGING MY TELEPHONE NUMBER. I STILL DON'T HAVE THE NEW ONE. I'LL CALL YOU TOMORROW, OK?

56



RAILANE...

YA KNOW, THE  
GUY WAS REALLY  
COOL.

I HAVE A MONTH LEFT TO FIND WHAT  
I'M LOOKING FOR. BUT THINKING OF HIM  
MAKES ME HORNY AS HELL.

YOU REALLY KNEW HOW TO  
DO IT, FUCKER. YOUR COCK  
WAS LIKE MY FIVE FINGERS.  
YOU KNEW HOW TO JUICE  
UP A PUSSY.

OUTSIDE THE MANSION...

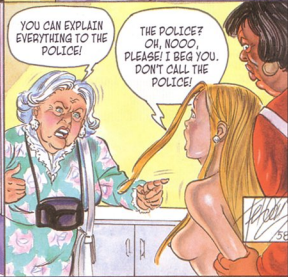
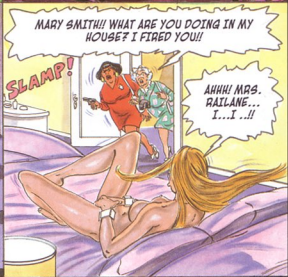
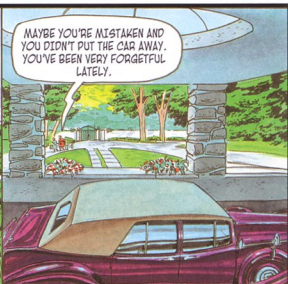
OOF! I COULDN'T  
STAY ONE DAY MORE  
IN FLORIDA.

LEAVE US HERE.  
I DON'T HAVE THE KEYS  
TO THE BIG GATE.

THAT 14-HOUR  
TRIP MADE MY  
LEGS STIFF.

WHAT'S  
BOTHERING YOU IS  
VARICOSE VEINS  
AND HEMORRHOIDS,  
MADAM.

HEY, WHY IS THE  
ROLLS-ROYCE OUT?  
I'M SURE I LEFT IT IN THE  
GARAGE.







MEANWHILE...

YEAH, I'M OUTTA THERE!  
I'VE DECIDED TO GO BACK TO  
YO YO'S BAR, WHERE I CAN BE  
MYSELF! UNDERSTAND?



LOOK, IF THIS IS ANOTHER ONE  
OF YOUR LITTLE GAMES, DON'T  
FORGET I HAVE YOUR CHECK!

YOU CAN SHOVE MY CHECK  
UP YOUR ASS. I NEVER  
MARRIED ANY OF YOUR  
VICTIMS! GOOD-BYE!

PING  
DONG

HI, THERE!!

RAILANE, HOW DID YOU FIND ME? IF YOU CAME  
TO GIVE ME SHIT OR LAUGH IN MY FACE, YOU CAN  
TAKE YOUR MILLIONS SOMEWHERE ELSE... HEY, HOW  
DID YOU KNOW THAT I...?

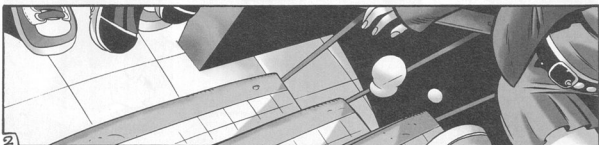
HEY BABY,  
I ONLY CAME  
TO SMOKE THE  
PEACE PIPE. YOU  
DON'T REALIZE IT  
YET, BUT YOU AND  
I ARE MADE FOR  
EACH OTHER...

60

a NEW LIFE  
PLAN 03

# CO-EDS

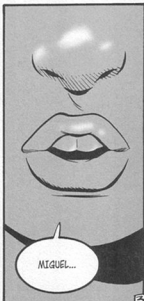








TRANQUAPACIN® AN EFFECTIVE MEDICINE FOR ALTERED STATES AND EVERYDAY STRESS.





ALICIA, I'M HOME! AND I'VE GOT COMPANY.

COME IN... "MIGUEL", RIGHT?



YES, BUT I DON'T WANNA BOTHER HER. IF YOU COULD TELL HER I'M SORRY ABOUT EARLIER AND...



HA! I'M SURE YOU WON'T BOTHER HER.



AND PLUS, I THINK IT'LL MAKE A BETTER IMPRESSION IF YOU TELL HER YOURSELF. I'LL BE HERE IF YOU NEED ME.



EXCUSE ME... ALICIA? I...



I'M SORRY, SORRY. I DIDN'T KNOW...

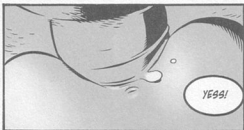
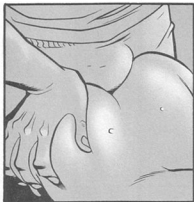


MIGUEL...



FUCK MEE...

WOW! YOU DON'T GOTTA TELL ME TWICE...







6:16 AM.

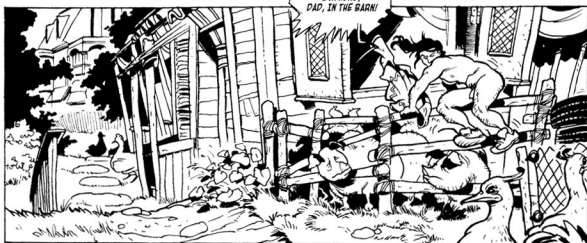
















WE'LL CONTINUE THIS CONVERSATION TONIGHT. NOW GO TO THE FACULTY AND DO SOMETHING WORTHWHILE. BUT WHEN YOU GET BACK YOU'RE NOT GOING OUT UNTIL YOU DO YOUR CHORES.

UNDERSTAND?

YES, DAD.

THAT DAMN GUY ON THE SCOOTER FUCKED IT ALL UP!

I'M STUCK HERE, AND I DON'T KNOW SHIT ABOUT MOTORS.

IT'LL ALL BECAUSE OF THAT SCOOTER AND THIS TREE!

VARRRRNN

HEY, WHAT'S THAT?

MAYBE MY FATHER'S THE REASON WHY I NEED NESSALINA... MAYBE THAT'S WHY I NEED TO USE MEN.

TO CONSOLE MYSELF.

USE THEM FOR NO OTHER REASON BUT MY OWN PLEASURE...

GNYTUK

HEY!

...NOW I KNOW I NEED NESSALINA.

SORRY... LOOK, I'M SORRY TO BOTHER YOU BUT COULD YOU GIVE ME A LIFT INTO TOWN?

?

!

I...IT'S HER, SHE'S HERE...SHE'S REAL!



WE'LL DROP YOU OFF AT THE GAS STATION.

SIT HERE, I'LL GET IN BACK.

NO, HE SITS WITH ME...

T...THANKS...

SHE'S MUCH BETTER THAN HER PHOTOS... WOW, I'M GONNA SIT NEXT TO HER!



IT'S INCREDIBLE, HER SEX APPEAL IS UNREAL!

SHIT, AND THESE MUST BE HER GORILLAS... CAN'T LET HER KNOW WHO I AM.

JEEZ, I CAN'T THINK OF A WORD TO SAY!

LOOK AT HIM... HE'S PERFECT. HANDSOME, SEXY, AN EXCITING STRANGER...

GIVES THE IMPRESSION HE'S EXPERIENCED...

HOW CONVENIENT... I FEEL MESSALINA AWAKENING IN ME...

AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, MR. ....?

OSCAR, OSCAR CETRAN.

I... I'M A NATURE PHOTOGRAPHER.



FUCK, LOOK AT HER! EVERYTHING SHE SAID IS TRUE... SHE'S... I'M IN HEAVEN!



OH, I CAN FEEL THE WARMTH OF HER FINGERS!

HEY!



THIS IS IT.



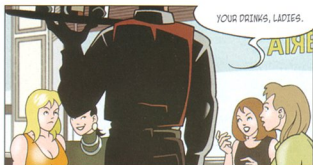
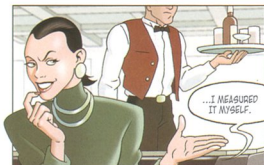
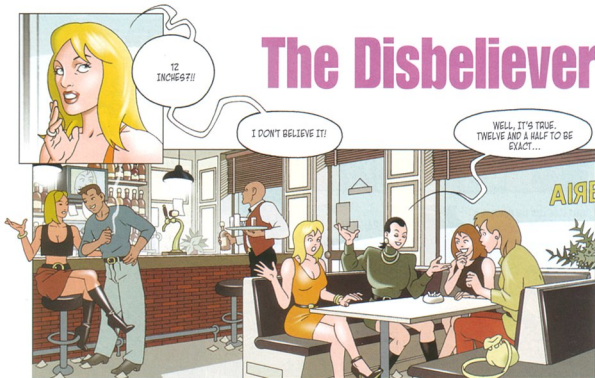
...AND THERE I STOOD, WATCHING HER PULL AWAY... SHAKEN BY THAT BRIEF CONTACT. THEN, I REALIZED I'D GIVEN HER OSCAR'S NAME...

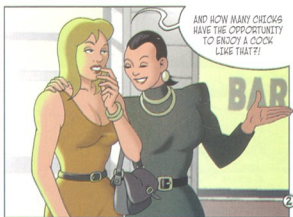
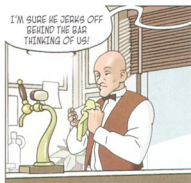
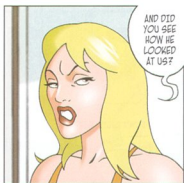
HE'LL PROBABLY KILL ME WHEN I TELL HIM...

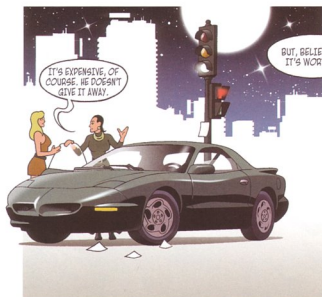
-RUBEN-



# The Disbeliever







IT'S EXPENSIVE, OF COURSE. HE DOESN'T GIVE IT AWAY.

BUT, BELIEVE ME, IT'S WORTH IT.



OH, THERE IS ONE CONDITION...



...THE MASK.



BUT...WHO CARES ABOUT HIS FACE, WHEN HE'S ENDOWED WITH THIS WONDER!

GOD!  
IT'S HUUUUUGE!!

THE 8TH! IF ONE DAY THE SCHOLARS...



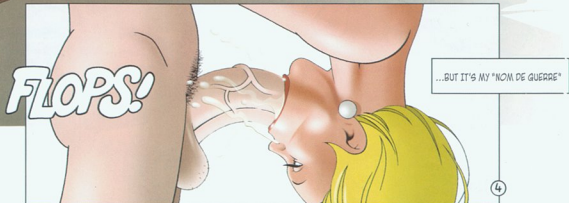
IT'S GETTING EVEN BIGGER!



... WILL GRANT IT THAT HONOR.

I CAN HARDLY GET THE HEAD IN!

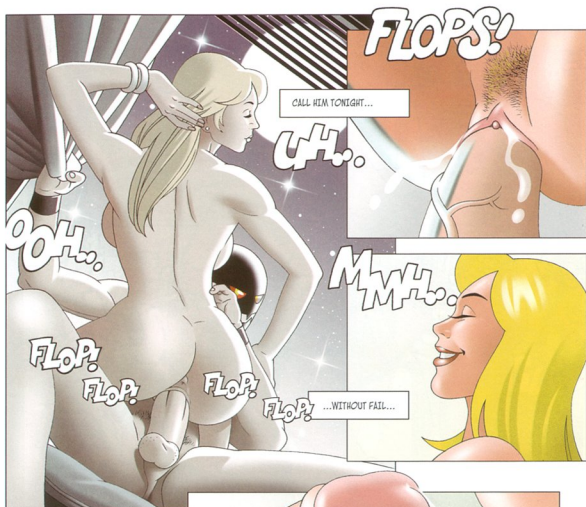






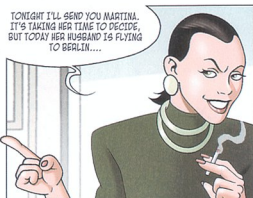
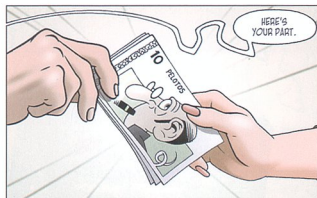
IF HE KNOWS I SENT YOU, HE'LL GIVE YOU A SPECIAL PRICE.





...AND TELL ME ABOUT IT  
TOMORROW.







# Flora. Once Upon a Time There Was an Orgy

Atilio Gambedotti





HEY MAN, WOULD YOU PLEASE STOP?

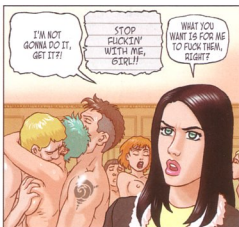
GO ON, MORE...

HEY, IT'S NOT YOUR ASS...



IT'S MINE BECAUSE IT'S MY GIRLFRIEND'S.

HEY, DON'T BE SO POSSESSIVE!



I'M NOT GONNA DO IT, GET IT?!

STOP FUCKIN' WITH ME, GIRL!!

WHAT YOU WANT IS FOR ME TO FUCK THEM, RIGHT?



IF ASS FUCKIN' MAKES YOU HAPPY, WHY DON'T YOU COME DOWN HERE ON ALL FOURS?

THAT'D BE GOOD. I'M NOT GONNA DRAW MYSELF, MUCH LESS GET FUCKED IN THE ASS.



LOOK, I DON'T BELIEVE I'M ONE OF YOUR DRAWINGS.

ARE YOU DUMB, OR WHAT? DIDN'T YOU SEE IN THE LAST EPISODE THAT I CAN DO ANYTHING I WANT WITH YOU?



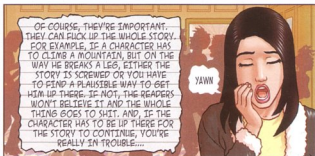
IF I'M REALLY A DRAWING, WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO CONVINCE ME? WHY DON'T YOU JUST DRAW ME FUCKING??

IN EVERY STORY, THE CHARACTERS HAVE THEIR OWN PERSONALITY AND YOU HAVE TO RESPECT THEM, THAT'S WHY.



IF A CHARACTER DOESN'T WANT TO DO SOMETHING, I CAN'T JUST DRAW THEM DOING IT. SOMETHING HAS TO HAPPEN TO MAKE THEM CHANGE THEIR MIND. LIKE, BY DOING IT THEY FULFILL SOME OTHER DESIRE. THERE ARE LOTS OF VARIATIONS....

I HAD NO IDEA THE CHARACTERS WERE SO IMPORTANT, OR THAT DOING A STUPID COMIC WAS SO COMPLICATED.



OF COURSE, THEY'RE IMPORTANT. THEY CAN RUIN UP THE WHOLE STORY. FOR EXAMPLE, IF A CHARACTER HAS TO CLIMB A MOUNTAIN, BUT ON THE WAY HE BREAKS A LEG, EITHER THE STORY IS SCREWED OR YOU HAVE TO FIND A PLAUSIBLE WAY TO GET HIM UP THERE. IF NOT, THE READERS WON'T BELIEVE IT AND THE WHOLE THING GOES TO SHIT. AND, IF THE CHARACTER HAS TO BE UP THERE FOR THE STORY TO CONTINUE, YOU'RE REALLY IN TROUBLE....

YAWN



LISTEN UP, ENCYCLOPEDIA BROWN, RESPECT ME. I DON'T WANNA FUCK, SO YOU'RE SCREWED, UNDERSTAND?

THEN, TAKE YOUR CLOTHES OFF, AT LEAST, AFTER ALL, YOU'RE THE STAR OF THIS SERIES.



WHY DO I HAVE TO WHEN, BACK HERE, YOU HAVE THE WHOLE WORLD FUCKING?

THAT'S IT, I'M TIRED OF ARGUING WITH YOU. NOW YOU'LL SEE....



DON'T THREATEN ME, DICKHEAD. YOU SAID I HAVE TO CHANGE MY MIND TO FUCK.



EITHER THAT, OR CHANGE SOME FACTORS, OR WHATEVER... IS IT ME OR IS IT GETTING REALLY WARM HERE?



HOW DID I GET HERE? WHAT'VE YOU DONE?

I'VE CHANGED THE EXTERNAL FACTORS: YOU'RE IN THE DESERT. I SUPPOSE WITH ALL THAT HEAT YOU'LL TAKE SOMETHING OFF....



DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP, ONLY MY JACKET, SONOVABITCH!



YOU'RE IN MY HANDS.

OH YEAH, WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'LL ACCOMPLISH, ASSHOLE?



SINCE YOU DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ORGY, I THOUGHT YOU'D PREFER ANOTHER PLACE.

YOU'RE A REAL SHIT! SO, IF I DON'T JOIN THE ORGY, YOU LEAVE ME HERE...



LIKE THIS BETTER?

FUCK!

WHAT I'D LIKE IS TO STRANGLE YOU, ASSHOLE.

YOU STAY HERE UNTIL YOU'RE DYING TO GO BACK TO THE ORGY. HAVE FUN! IF YOU DECIDE TO GET TO WORK, LET ME KNOW.



HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO MY JACKET?

NOTHING, YOU DON'T WANT TO FUCK, AND I DON'T WANT TO DRAW YOUR JACKET.



ASSHOLE...



SO, IF I DON'T DO WHAT YOU WANT, YOU LEAVE ME HERE TO FREEZE TO DEATH.



I PROMISED THE READERS I'D GET YOU TO FUCK. I OWE IT TO MY FANS.



BUT... DARLING, YOU'RE BREAKING MY HEART.

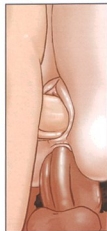
WELL, THIS GUY'S BREAKING MY BUTT-HOLE. BE HAPPY IT'S NOT THE OTHER WAY AROUND!

HEY, GO SLOWER, ANIMAL.

OOPS! SORRY RAGE.

FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!









YOU'RE  
AT IT AGAIN,  
CLAUDIA!

\$\$\$ JUS A WOMEN...  
I ONLY LUFF YOU.  
DA RES DON MATTER.

WHAT ABOUT  
MY FEELINGS? YOU GO  
FOR ANY COOK THAT  
COMES ALONG.

HEY, NO  
INSULTS.



I'M PROUD TO  
BE AMONG THE  
WORKING CLASS.

SLURP!



WHAT WOULD  
YOU SAY IF I  
DID IT WITH  
ANOTHER GIRL?

NOTHING,  
HONEY. IF YOU  
SWEAR YOU  
LOVE ME...

CONCENTRATE ON  
WHAT YOU'RE  
DOIN'.



'SCUSE ME, MY  
BOYFRIEND'S FUCKIN  
WITH ME.

I SEE...  
ALL THE WAY,  
I'M COMING.

BUT,  
DARLING...



YEAH!



IT'S ALL  
YOURS, GIRL!



HOW TASTY  
THAT IS!



HOW'S IT GOIN'?



OK, YOU WIN.

NEVER MIND. I'M DOING OK WITH THE PEOPLE IN THE ORGY.



C'MON! YOU'RE DYING TO SEE ME FUCK...!

IF YOU WANNA FUCK, GO FUCK A PENGUIN.



I'LL DO WHAT YOU WANT. I DON'T FEEL TOO GOOD...

HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT IN THE ORGY AND YOU'LL FEEL BETTER.

HA, HA... VERY FUNNY!



OK, YOU'RE HERE. READ THE SCRIPT AND WAIT.

I'LL ONLY FUCK ONE GUY.



YOU'LL FUCK AS MANY AS YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO. THE OTHER GIRLS AREN'T COMPLAINING. OR DO YOU WANT TO SEE THE PENGUINS AGAIN?



MY GIRL'S RIGHT. LOVE ENDURES, FUCKING LASTS A MOMENT. WHY SHOULDN'T SHE FUCK OTHERS IF SHE'S WITH ME AT THE END OF THE DAY?

SHE CHOSE TO LIVE HER LIFE WITH ME...



...TO SHARE THE GOOD AND THE BAD.

SEX IS JUST A MOMENTARY PLEASURE,

A FLEETING THING



OH, MY LOVE... I SWEAR I LOVE ONLY YOU.

I LOVE YOU TOO.

MORE! MORE!



I'M GONNA TRY THIS GIRL... ALL ALONE....

...SEDUCTIVE...

...ANONYMOUS.



AND NOW, DEAR READERS, YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE THE STAR OF THIS SERIES FUCKING. SHE FINALLY REALIZED WHO'S THE BOSS OF THIS COMIC...

MUST YOU ALWAYS BE SUCH AN ASSHOLE?

YES, YES!





DEAR READERS: PLEASE EXCUSE THIS  
ENDING. IT WASN'T WHAT I HAD  
IN MIND. I WANTED TO REFLECT  
ON THE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS IN  
LIFE: WHERE DO WE COME FROM?  
WHERE ARE WE GOING? WHO'LL  
WIN THE WORLD SERIES? DOES  
GOD EXIST? IS THERE  
INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH? BUT  
AS YOU SEE, FLORA SCREWED THE  
COMIC BECAUSE OF HER HUSB  
BOB, WHICH IS WHAT THIS  
EPISODE WAS ABOUT. IF YOU  
WANT, YOU CAN REFLECT ON THAT.  
AND IF YOU DON'T WANT TO THINK,  
YOU CAN WATCH "BIG BROTHER"  
— THAT'S WHAT IT'S FOR.

NO ANIMALS WERE ABUSED DURING  
THE CREATION OF THIS COMIC.

THE PENGUINS WERE MIDGETS IN DISGUISE.

